

# The COMMONWEAL

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## Mobilization against Communism

DURING the past two weeks the American people have been confronted with a greater aggregate of Vatican pictures and news despatches about Cardinals than ever before in history. The news men have had a veritable field day. For a short spell it was impossible to regard the front page of a metropolitan newspaper or the cover of a news magazine, listen to a newscast over the air or witness a newsreel without becoming acutely aware of the Consistory of Cardinals at Vatican City. The effect on those Americans who have any antipathy for the Church, and especially for the whole idea of Catholic hierarchy, can be imagined. And it was not surprising that finally the papers began to feature in adjoining columns announcements of a meeting in 1948 to establish a World Council of Churches and other Protestant stories. This flood of publicity about the princes of the Church has not been an unmixed blessing.

One of the unhappier aspects of this journalistic endeavor was the slant given to news stories regarding the purpose and function of this Consistory. The impression was often achieved more by headlines and "leads" than by the reports as a whole. But one note which was repeatedly sounded was to the effect that the naming of the new Cardinals and the calling of the Consistory constituted in fact a mobilization of the power of

the Church all over the world to fight communism. It is one more instance of the inability of people today to conceive of things except in political terms.

There are texts, of course. References of Pius XII and some of the Cardinals to the current threat of imperialism. Such citations should not be taken out of the whole context. Even Herbert L. Matthews, whose thoughtful series of reports appeared in the *New York Times*, gave exaggerated emphasis to the anti-communist aspect. For, despite his qualifying statements and rectifications later, his February 23 despatch asserted, "It is war, open war, and this Consistory is a formal mobilization for the struggle."

The Pope had declared, on greeting the Cardinals, February 18, that the purpose of the convocation was threefold "To create new Cardinals, to proceed with the publication of recently nominated Bishops, and to treat, according to the tradition of the Holy See, the canonization of four persons who have been beatified." Another aim to which Pius has referred again and again and to which he returned last week is "the great restoration of human society and the establishment of a new order founded on truth, justice and love."

Communism is clearly one of the obstacles to the realization of this goal, particularly in certain geographical areas in and contiguous to the Soviet Union. It is an important factor in other countries where adherents of the Communist Party have numerical strength or key positions. And totalitarian Russia's present aggressive attitude is a threat to the peace of the world.

Admitting all this, it is a mistake to present the new preponderance of non-Italians in the College of Cardinals, the convoking of the Consistory at this time and the Pope's addresses primarily as anti-communist phenomena. The Church has a positive task: the affirmation of a kingdom with certain clearly defined characteristics. There is a full-bodied, positive, Catholic conception of human freedom and human society.

The worst result of this excessive politicizing in the nation's press will be observed among one-sided anti-communists. Those who for years have engaged in red-baiting—some of them with the misconception that it was Catholic Action—will get a new lease on life. Once again they will also welcome as ally anyone who pretends to oppose communism, regardless of his character or real intent. It would not be going too far to say that the main reason American Catholics proved so barren and ineffectual between the two wars in furthering the realization of Christian social ideals was that they confined themselves so largely to the primarily verbal and personally unexact activity of red-baiting. Expletives are hardly the means to social reconstruction.

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### *The Church in Politics*

NO PARTY platform can be drawn upon the basis of Pope Pius XII's allocution to the Cardinals, no simple identification of theory and political practice nor any series of easy steps to the New Christendom, but the Pope by no means turns aside from those who ask what is rightly the practical, temporal, here-now rôle of the Catholic Church. The facile pretense of those apologists who mislead searchers by claiming a ready answer to every private and public problem is naturally exposed as far beyond the powers of the Pope, but at the same time, the allocution does show where one can search for, and foster, the right action of the Church upon political and social life in the world.

"The main definite answer . . . always remains the unity and completeness of the Church, founded in God and in Christ." Then Pope Pius asks us to have a "clear and exact notion of the influence exercised in practice by this unity and completeness." It is not easy to achieve definiteness, clearness and exactitude, and in a brief compass here, we can only try to pick out a few points which the allocution makes.

The Church affects the foundation, structure and equilibrium of human society primarily by influencing individual persons. Various influences the Church has on man, that is, the ways the Church wants to form him and the effect which successful formation would have on society are mentioned throughout the address, sometimes as practical principles and sometimes as examples.

The Church seeks a man internally at peace, the well integrated human being: "He alone, complete in harmonious combination of his natural and supernatural life, in an orderly development of his instincts and inclinations, his rich qualities and varied reactions, is at the same time the beginning and the end of life in human society."

The present Pope calls upon his predecessor, Pius XI, for one important practical principle, "that what individual men can do by themselves and by their forces should not be taken from them and assigned to the community. It is a principle that also holds good for smaller communities and those of lower rank in relation to those which are larger and in a position of superiority. . . . These are surely enlightened words, valid for social life in all its grades and also for the life of the Church without prejudice to its hierarchical structure."

The Church wants "to give to human society men formed thus: men established in their inviolable integrity as images of God, men proud of their personal dignity and of their healthy freedom, men justly jealous of their equality with their fellows in all that touches the most essential

bases of man's dignity, men firmly attached to their land and traditions."

But a brief note can only refer to an address of this importance realizing readers must study the document itself—seriously. One more point we want to signalize because it seems particularly emphasized in the allocution and because Pope Pius XII presents it with particular warmth and understanding and newness. It is the conception of man in *time*, of society and the Church living in time.

Now this human being is not man in the abstract, nor considered only in the order of pure nature, but the complete man . . . as he is in his concrete and historical reality. . . . If, in particular ages or places, one or another ethnical group or social class has more than others made its influence on the Church felt this does not mean that she becomes vassal to anyone or is so to speak, petrified at some historical moment and debarred from any further development. . . . Thus the Church in her onward course watches, without pause or conflict, the divinely guided course of times and circumstances. This is the need and significance of her vital law of continuous adaptation, which some . . . have interpreted or described as opportunism. . . . Continuity in time had always appeared essential to life in society, and it seemed that this could not be conceived if men were isolated from the past, present and future. Now this is precisely the disturbing phenomenon of which we are today witnesses. . . . Only the Church can bring men back from these shadows to the light. She alone can make him conscious of the past, master of the present and secure for the future.

By what agency does the Church work on men, and so upon society?

. . . The faithful, and more precisely the laity, are in the front line of the Church's life; for them the Church is the vital principle of human society. Accordingly they—especially they—must have an ever clearer sense not only of belonging to the Church, but of being the Church, the community of the faithful on earth under the guidance of the common head, the Pope, and of the Bishops in communion with him. . . . We ourselves are the stable foundation of society.

### *Leon Blum*

THE business of making a loan to England is not even concluded and already here is Léon Blum coming over to talk about a loan to France.

We are writing this paragraph to welcome him to this country, to say that we admire him, to wish him success in his mission and, afterward, if we get a letter telling us that we should have written about how Blum and his Popular Front led France to disaster, or a letter telling us all about Blum's early book on marriage, or a letter telling us that France was a nice country under Saint Louis but that it has been a rotten country ever since the Revolution killed the other Louis and that now, with Joan of Arc long dead and apparently no longer effective, with the indispensable General no longer indispensable, it is a red country red as blood or the rose—these letters will go into the ash can.

It is time to be serious about Léon Blum who is a brave and honest man but it is not the time to go back over his long political life or even to speak of the courage he showed when he refused to break with parliamentary government at the time of the Popular Front, when he refused in his magnificent Luna Park speech to break his country in half at the time of the Spanish war, when he refused to submit to Vichy, when, returning from German captivity, he refused more clearly than any other French statesman to abandon the fundamental structure of a free society.

It is time to be serious about France but it is not the time to explain patiently that if Blum's socialists are crushed between the forces of the Right and Left these forces will fight a civil war and it is not the time to explain the rôle that socialism must play all through Europe in the sharp conflict between an open and a closed society. It is time, most pressingly time, to say that Attlee and Keynes were here talking about a loan to England; that Léon Blum is talking about a loan to France; that the Belgians, the Dutch, the Portuguese and the Greeks will soon be asking a loan—the Italians if we ever let them have a government—and that all these people asking a loan are really asking a question. Does America want Europe closed within itself, forced to enter a closed totalitarian society? We are opening air routes to Europe. What for? To carry Americans abroad so that they may watch how a civilization dies? That is what they will see unless trade between Europe and America is made possible through the loans that Europe is requesting. And if it happens through American failure that Europe dies, the Americans in the planes will have a rare and strange experience: they will look down over Europe and see America dying.

### *General Holdridge's Statement*

RECENTLY there appeared before the House Military Affairs Committee an Army Brigadier retired in 1944, representing the Veterans League of America and opposing both the Army and the American Legion plans for compulsory peacetime military training. What was especially notable in the General's statement was his able advocacy of a completed reorganization in our armed forces, based upon what he views as a realistic appraisal of the atom bomb and of other technological products of the second world war. Particularly violent was his attack upon what might be called the West Point system, which he believes has totally outlived its usefulness. This included an attack upon the rigid caste distinctions which have so long been characteristic of both our Army and our Navy. This was all very well in the days when wars were, he points out, won by the infantry; war from now on will be won by explosive disintegration, managed by experts.

### *The Ferguson Case*

EARLY in February an incident took place in Freeport, Long Island, which is so typical that it has symbolic character. Four Negro brothers were out celebrating. There is no allegation that any of them was intoxicated. They were refused service at a cheap restaurant and got into arguments elsewhere. One of them kicked in a store window. Finally they were rounded up by a policeman, but continued to give provocation. When one of them gestured as though reaching for a gun, the policeman shot two of the brothers dead on the spot and wounded a third—who, by the way, seems to have been making every effort to restrain the others. There would be no particular reason for reporting this episode had the obstreperous young men been dealt with as obstreperous young men usually are dealt with—their sole offense in this case being that of having broken a store window. But no one at all familiar with skilled police techniques can for a moment assume that under the circumstances it was necessary to kill two people and wound a third. Those involved were Negroes, and that makes the difference. Typically also, the movement of protest which followed has assumed a political complexion, various radical groups being deeply involved, with the result that nobody else wants to touch it. The pattern of our race relations changes very little.

### *Don Juan*

THE excellent reporting by Miss Williams of her recent trip to Spain turns out to be printed during the week when the French have taken steps: they have closed their Spanish border and announced that they will tell the British and the Americans that "the present situation in Spain constitutes a danger for international security." Public and private bodies feel the Spanish set-up is impossible. Without change of heart and mind inside and outside of Spain which would be miraculous and are not to be expected, the Spanish situation is impossible and also insoluble. Miss Williams, who is not a Catholic, expects a change toward "liberal monarchy" rather, happily, than toward civil war, and away, happily, from Franco. This does not mean that THE COMMONWEAL, because the proprietors are Catholics, is monarchist, but it does mean that we are willing to think of monarchy for Spain without going into a blind jitters. We have reported at length the exile republican movement.

The internal Spanish régime is in the international field of misery. What assuagement, what policy is America going to offer? The US should quickly answer M. Bidault and the French. There is no solution; there may be some way to avoid a condition worse than the present.

# Report on Franco

One American visitor's predictions for Spain's future.

Dorothy Williams

LAST September I left the United States bound for what I thought would turn into a war-reporting assignment in Madrid, Spain. Since I had previously lived in Mexico City for some time and speak Spanish, I was going to cover the Spanish "revolt" against General Franco's government. Here in New York and later in London, where I stopped off to wait for my Spanish entry permit, that "revolt" seemed so close at hand that my major worry was getting myself into Franco's capital before violence actually broke out. I was so sure that I was going onto a rough job following a full-scale revolution that I took very little baggage, convinced that my principal need in Spain would be heavy wool slacks and walking shoes.

Arriving there with that attitude, Madrid was quite a surprise to me. No street fighting, such as I'd been hearing about outside Spain. Franco's show window—his capital city—makes a very good front, at first glance, for the dictator's régime. It is probably the best-fed, best-dressed and least disturbed of any European capital, with the possible exception of Lisbon.

Only after living in Spain and talking with all walks of people within the country can the foreign observer begin to see flaws in the picture. At first glance, Madrid looks like a slightly exaggerated setting for a musical comedy. The famed *Guardia Civil*, known for its tradition of loyalty to any duly constituted Spanish government, may well be, as the Spaniards boast, the "toughest armed outfit" in Spain. But its members wear funny black patent leather hats with a brim in front and a flat back. The story is that the civil guardsmen, standing long night watches, found they could lean against the nearest wall and sleep more comfortably if they had hats that were flat across the back. With the *Guardia Civil's* reputation, they got by with it. Nobody laughs.

Due to Franco's intensified program of building and reconstruction during the past seven years, Madrid shows few outward signs that it once was the scene of a long and bitter fight. One entire section of the city—overlooking University City—has been rebuilt. A few shell-riddled houses still remain and the trees along the avenues aren't very tall yet. But as fast as work-

men and materials can be obtained new apartment houses and impressive office buildings are shooting up in Madrid. On October 12, "*Día de la Raza*" in Spain, eight magnificent new buildings were officially opened in the sprawling grounds of the University of Madrid, former battleground of the Civil War. A number of hollowed-out houses and a few solitary walls were left standing. People said Franco left them deliberately, just to remind Spaniards that there had been, after all, a war—and that he had won it.

Socially, Madrid leads a busy life. Its hundreds of bars, sidewalk cafes, restaurants and its few interesting night spots are always jammed with smart-looking women and highly-perfumed men. It's as difficult to get a room in the Palace Hotel as it is in the Pennsylvania. You absolutely have to know somebody to get on a train. The American and English "colonies" in Madrid live there just about as they do anywhere else—only perhaps a little more so because, with no servant problem, the foreign women have nothing but time on their hands. There are plenty of lovely Spanish silk stockings, at \$4 a pair, several excellent dress designers will whip up a dream dress out of any of the fabulous materials available in Madrid, for something like \$150; you can buy an automobile for about \$3,000—or a discarded Army jeep for \$425 if you are willing to haul it from France.

A large—and certainly the most really obvious—section of Madrid's population is living in high style these days.

But, on the Day of the Dead, which is a day for visiting cemeteries and churches, the following inscription was seen written in large black-painted letters on a tombstone in one of the local cemeteries: "If you are not a clergyman, a soldier or a black market operator, I shall be waiting for you here next winter."

It has taken fifteen years and more than a million Spanish lives to get Spain into her present condition which, although slightly exaggerated, is pretty well summed up in a popular saying in Madrid: "Some Spaniards eat too much but the majority of the people do not eat at all."

The feeling in Spain now is that it will take the restoration of the Bourbon monarchy to get the country back on its economic feet.

During the past decade and a half, Spain has tried everything from left wing revolution to its present military dictatorship, only to find that none of its various governments has been completely satisfactory to the nation's many divergent groups. None of them turned out to be thoroughly good. But the Spaniard, by virtue of his national temperament, expects each change of government to produce the ideal state.

So today, acting on that same optimistic hope, the Spaniards are ready to return to their political starting point and restore their traditional monarchy.

Don Juan, eldest son of the late Alfonso XIII, will be received with much enthusiasm by the majority of the people. To Spaniards he represents the type of liberal monarchy which they know and understand. As a result of my stay in Spain, I am convinced that nothing but the monarchy can possibly follow General Franco's "strong-man" form of government without provoking widespread disorder, if not another civil war which Spain, as a nation, neither wants nor could survive.

To understand why, the foreigner must realize that the three strongest organizations in Spain are linked together and, among them, they completely control the population principally because they are composed of the majority of the people. They are the Catholic Church, the Army and the Falange—which is the offspring of the former two. In order to succeed in Spain, any administration must have the support of at least two of the three groups. Franco has long and successfully played that counter-balancing game when any one of the three showed signs of dissatisfaction. The only alternative régime besides Franco's government which could get the backing of two—and possibly all three—is the monarchy, for obvious reasons.

It is almost impossible to try to present any objective picture of the situation in Spain without incurring the wrath of one partisan group or the other. But even at the risk of being called fascist by one and communist by the other, here is the way things looked to me in Franco's country. For the record, I am not a member of any religious group nor of any political party. While in Spain, I was correspondent for The Mutual Broadcasting System, which has no axe to grind as far as Spanish politics are concerned.

The average Spaniard, being traditionally Catholic, would fight again, as he did before, any attempt to wipe out the Church in Spain. He feels that the Church's influence and position are its rightful due—but at the same time, he feels that many of his present economic problems are the fault of his Church. There is a growing tendency in Madrid to refer to the Spanish priests as "those who eat but do not work."

At the same time, the inevitable church on every street corner is jammed with worshippers on Sunday mornings. Attending Mass is as much a custom with the average Spaniard as going to a Sunday afternoon bullfight. It is traditional. It is Spanish. And now that Church and State are so closely tied together, putting in an appearance is not only good for the soul; it's good politics.

The Spanish Catholics wish they had a more liberal clergy—closer to the people personally and more understanding of their worldly problems—more ready to help. The best example of that is the Bing Crosby film, "Going My Way," which has been a tremendous box-office success in Madrid. Every other Spaniard is whistling the Irish Lullaby and the picture itself is a major topic of café conversation. And yet, as I was amazed to find in talking with numbers of Catholics, the Spaniards got the impression that the movie represented some strange United States church—which they greatly admired but never seemed to connect with Catholicism. They were incredulous, for the most part, when I explained that Crosby was playing the rôle of an American Catholic priest.

"No Spanish priest," they explained to me, "would admit the existence of such human problems as the picture portrays. He would simply say 'It is wrong therefore it cannot be.'"

But whatever its shortcomings the Church has a powerful hold on the Spanish. Because of that it is foolish to ignore political potentialities in Spain—a land where "freedom of religion" means freedom to attend the Catholic Church or not to. No more, no less.

The Catholics in Spain will support Don Juan's government almost as wholeheartedly as they have backed up Franco. None of those I met would stand for the return of the same internally weak, divided and Leftist-type of republic which they had before the war. And this mainly because such a government is a threat to the Church.

The second strong organization of Spain, the Army, will go along with the restoration of the monarchy for two principal reasons: 1) since it is composed of Spaniards, most of whom are Catholics, the Army is predominantly of the same faith, and, 2) the Army would retain under royal rule much of its present power, i.e., permanent jobs, pensions, standing and influence in the country. That power it would probably lose under any other Spanish government except Franco's or Don Juan's. Another factor is the complete loyalty of the Army to Franco personally. If *El Caudillo* voluntarily steps down and names Don Juan as his successor, the Army can be counted on to follow his lead and rally behind the incoming king.

The only other well-organized national group

in Spain today is the Falange, longtime ruling political power behind Franco. Founded before the Civil War by José Antonio Primo de Rivera, the Falange was originally designed as a welfare group, intensely Catholic and conservative. The Falange fitted right into Franco's scheme of things and moved to the political front—armed, well-trained, fanatic and controlling everything in Spain from the state labor organizations to censorship.

Franco now is gradually stripping the Falange of its privileges and much of its power. No longer is the Falange officially armed. The raised arm salute is not compulsory. Falange yoke-and-arrows insignia is disappearing. I wanted a Falange lapel pin for a souvenir of my only stay in a dictatorship and it actually took three weeks to find one. Then it was out at Toledo and the dealer had to hunt through his storage closet to locate it.

Despite Madrid demonstrations staged usually by students and die-hards, the Falange eventually is now slated to go back to its social welfare status. Even according to its own leaders, who are none too pleased at the prospect of losing their blue-shirt power, the Falange is to change its operations and become more like a Kiwanis Club than a Gestapo.

The catch to that, though, is that Franco seems to have a neat plan in mind for replacing the Falange. He is said to doubt the complete loyalty of this group as it now stands—besides which, Don Juan is known to insist that the Falange must be out of the scene before he will consent to return. About three months ago Franco announced the formation of a new volunteer militia to be called the *Somatenes*. Long a respected organization in Catalonia, Franco now says that he will establish this armed vigilante group on a nationwide basis. Every town of more than ten thousand inhabitants will have its own *Somatenes* outfit whose purpose is to handle disorders beyond the control of the local police.

Nothing more has been said about the *Somatenes* since the official order creating the organization. But Spanish Communists and Falangistas alike told me that chosen Falange members are quietly getting out of the Falange and into the *Somatenes*. If that is the case, then Franco is simply knocking down one organization of which he is none too sure anyway in an emergency and setting up another one—entirely dependable because it will be made up of selected followers and even more useful than the Falange because the *Somatenes* will have guns.

★

Franco has little to fear in the way of opposition within Spain itself. What resistance there

is, mostly concentrated in the north of Spain near the French border, is disorganized and without a leader to capture the popular fancy. The dictator's policy of releasing political prisoners has strengthened his hand considerably. It has won favor with the Spaniards and furthermore now that most of the republicans left in Spain have served jail sentences they are well-known to the police. There are hundreds of former Franco prisoners free in Madrid alone, but their every move is watched by the authorities. Most of these ex-prisoners are out on parole and therefore must check in with the police periodically. They have no civil rights but they may hold jobs—not government jobs. I talked to numbers of these parolees. They, too, will welcome the return of the monarchy but for a very different reason than the other groups of Spain.

Communists, Socialists, Republicans and Basque Independence movement representatives with whom I talked frankly admit that they cannot hope to overthrow Franco by force. Altogether they are a relatively small group and the most they can do now is stage sporadic raids in and round Barcelona. They boast that, "with outside aid," they could raise an Army of a million men. But they admit that it would be composed of more Russians, French and other "liberal" peoples than Spaniards. The Democratic Alliance, a temporary and clandestine organization made up of all the various groups which want to get rid of Franco, is well aware of the fact that it cannot expect much backing from the Spaniards themselves.

If Franco steps down, however, and turns the government over to Don Juan or anybody else, the Democratic Alliance people figure they will stand a better chance of enlarging their following among the Spaniards. A new government, necessarily weaker at the start than Franco is today, might be more easily overthrown. Don Juan, if he turns out to be as liberal as his father is thought to have been, very probably would allow all political parties to come out into the open again. For that reason, the Democratic Alliance also is pleased at the imminent change in government.

The "little man"—who doesn't take a much more active part in politics in Spain than he does in the States—is looking forward to a change because his life is daily becoming more difficult, with constantly rising prices and steadily decreasing salaries. The average worker makes about \$1.20 a day or 12 pesetas. Compare that with the more than \$5 a day average here; but it is even worse than it looks offhand. Thinking in terms of \$1.20 a day, the American can understand the situation better if he realizes, first, the size of the Spanish family which has to be fed on 12 pesetas and, second, how completely out of

hand Spanish prices have become. There has been no official census in Spain since 1917 but, by just looking around, you can readily see that the average family has a child almost every year. One single egg costs the Spaniard 10 cents or one peseta, as against about a nickel in the US. A tiny roll of hard, black and bad bread is 13 cents (1.3 pesetas)—partly because of the wheat shortage and partly because of the nationwide black market.

Food rationing hasn't worked out at all because the main items, bread, beans and olive oil, have found their way into the black market. They are almost never to be had at legitimate, supposedly-controlled prices.

It's the same in other categories, too. A bar of non-lathering, yellow laundry soap is 60 cents, six pesetas to the Spaniard. Cheese is up to 90 cents or nine pesetas a pound. Cigarettes, a luxury to some but not to a nation of chain smokers like the Spanish, are rationed. But, like food items, cigarettes almost never get near the empty shelves of government-owned tobacco stores. The ceiling price is 65 cents (6.50 pesetas) for a package of Spanish-made *Bubis*, the most popular Madrid brand. But since you can't buy them at that price the Spaniards are forced to buy them for 85 cents (8.50 pesetas) from the ragged old woman who's always standing outside the door of the cigarette shop, selling black market cigarettes which she carries in a basket hung on her arm.

Adding it all up, there is general dissatisfaction in Spain with General Franco's régime. He is no longer the nation's popular hero, "savior" of his country. The discontent in Spain, however, is taking a passive rather than an active form.

Even the Spanish Communists—violent in their denunciation of the dictator—are unwilling as yet to do anything drastic about changing the situation. They had what seemed to be one outstanding opportunity, for example, to do something about it on October 12, when the General made one of his rare public appearances at the University City dedication. He was a perfect target as he walked up the entrance steps into the new University auditorium. He had no personal bodyguard as he marched from his shiny official car, and some 75 feet further to the steps. Later I asked one of my rabidly-communist friends why nobody took a shot at him.

"But that's impossible!" he exclaimed in indignation. "Anybody who did that would be killed immediately."

That is the general "resistance" attitude in Spain. The Democratic Alliance wants the United States and England to refuse to trade with Spain. They say that two weeks of an economic blockade would force Franco out. Who it would put into power is a question to which nobody knows the answer. A diplomatic break, however,

is not what the republican groups want from the United Nations. They feel that withdrawal of recognition from Franco's government would make their own personal lot harder, inasmuch as they cannot get out Spain and would bear the brunt of Franco's retaliation.

In the face of our continued and increasing trade with Spain, Communists and Republicans alike said to me: "If England and the United States won't help us, perhaps Russia will."

All of Spain is waiting for the change which, for their own varied reasons, everybody wants. Franco himself is probably relieved at the idea of turning his economic and political problems over to somebody else. If he retires now, while he is still strong enough to do so gracefully, Franco will save face with his countrymen. They at least will know that he made the decision himself and not because of pressure from the UNO.

With Don Juan waiting in Lisbon—the Madrid stage just about set for his return—the Spanish "evolution, not revolution" project seems to be in the works.

Now I know why they laughed in Madrid when I said "where's the war?"

## Germans and the Occupation

WILLIAM H. JORDY

TO INTERVIEW even a handful of Germans is to be convinced of the necessity for a long occupation. The most obvious reason for this is the frightening failure of the Germans as a whole to face the future. Only a single well-educated German among all those interviewed expressed confidence that a democratic Germany could emerge some day, "if the Americans have the patience to stay here long enough." While he had no clear-cut ideas as to *how* Germany could be made democratic, he at least realized that "it is up to us to start. If the Americans see our good intentions they will help us. They are no gods; they cannot make us happy at once, and they cannot give us back what we lost through our own fault."

These sentiments should be obvious to the Germans. But they are not. Other correspondents have noted a general lack of interest in political parties in Germany, while those that exist seem superannuated. It is equally illuminating to scan the newly-established, civilian-operated German newspapers. There are many editorials on the evils of nazism, written by newspapermen fresh from its oppression. But there is almost nothing about the future Germany, almost no exhortation to the people to rebuild, almost no ideas on the direction which this rebuilding should take.

Question these newly-made editors and they will give the obvious excuses: Germans are more interested in food, shelter and clothing now than in politics; or Germans still fear persecution and hence hesitate to take part in political activity; or Germans are still too upset psychologically and vocationally to look ahead. Of course these reasons are sound. But ask this same editor why, as an intelligent man, and as a human being who is intimately acquainted with the curse of nazism, he does not tell his readers of the need for planning a new Germany—and he is visibly stunned at the idea and a little abashed too.

It is one thing to dole out the invaluable gifts of free press, free speech, freedom of congregation and freedom of religion—or, at least, to give a country, which only a few months ago was set to deny these treasures to the rest of the globe, the entering wedge to their enjoyment. It is quite another thing, however, to get the Germans to *use* these gifts. A short occupation therefore, must leave the Germans in an unconstructive and confused frame of mind, ready to accept another führer.

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What do the Germans think about a long American occupation? Their thinking runs in three channels; simply because these directions are mutually contradictory is no reason why many of them will not express all three in a short conversation.

(1) The first reaction of most Germans on being questioned is that they ask only "to be left alone." This is the sentiment of a war-weary people. For example, a semi-skilled laborer in Nürnberg asked, "Did you see those tanks and armed soldiers around the Palace of Justice? How can they mistrust us! How can they believe that there could be any resistance among the German people! We are all so sick of war and politics, and have only one wish, to live in peace."

(2) But mid-way, this sentiment is interrupted by a major and well-published qualification. "If the Americans go, then the Russians might take all of Germany." Several people were even afraid that the Czechs might swallow-up Bavaria. From being long used to anti-bolshevist propaganda, these people at first believed the United States was simply using Bavaria as a springboard from which to fight the Russians. This opinion is dying reluctantly as the Bavarians watch the manpower which they hoped to see thrown against the "red menace" redeployed to the other side of the Atlantic. It is, however, terrifyingly incongruous that a people who protest in one sentence that they are "sick" of war, should, in the next mouthful, consider gunpowder the cure-all for international difficulties. Since war is denied to

the Germans, they plant whatever seeds of dissension they can in the ears of occupation troops and hope for a future harvest.

(3) Without exception, every German is willing to accept whatever the United States wants to hand him. In its simplest form, this is merely an appeal to the individual soldier to take pity on a "suffering" family; but there is growing evidence that the Germans are recovering sufficiently from their defeat to claim, as they did following the last war, that it is the *duty* of the Allies to adopt relief policies for a "suffering" nation. Of course, Germans are angered by periodic searches of their homes for contraband. When Army food and PX rations are uncovered, irate householders claim these were never purchased on the black market, but doled out by some compassionate GI.

Of the three attitudes which the Germans hold toward the American occupation, the first is perhaps the most interesting. The other two are obvious. But why, precisely, would they like to see the Americans leave?

Most Germans believe that the Americans mean well, but "do not understand us." A few—notably young girls and those who have received good jobs since the occupation—are enthusiastic. Only one woman thought the Americans bad on all counts. She claimed that "our beloved führer would not have been beaten had there not been so many traitors among us who betrayed him." She made the utterance in a shop full of people. Nothing further was said. Perhaps the people feared American wrath if they expressed their opinion on the subject; or perhaps they feared that they might suffer after the Americans left if they refuted the statement.

By "not understanding us," the Germans particularly refer to the present de-nazification policy. This is the most universal topic of dissatisfaction. There is something ironic about German protests that in forbidding nazis to hold managerial positions the Allies are inhumanly condemning human beings as a *category*, instead of punishing *individual* misdoings. They object that what we are doing to the Germans is comparable to what the "nazis" (a "nazi" now, of course, is always someone else) did to the Jews. Some smugly assert that this is especially regrettable because the United States has always publicized itself as being a humanitarian nation, while Germany, for all of her sins, never made any such claims. In other words, they would compare their condoning of concentration camps with the Allies' policy of depriving those who heiled these atrocities of certain opportunities for continuing to live as luxuriously as they have in the past. They are comparing murder with manual work—on extra rations. From the businessman's point of view, they are conveniently forgetting that Ger-

many had little respect for the property rights of the countries which she overran. From the political point of view, they find it better not to mention that the nazis once persecuted all political parties except their own in whatever territories they controlled.

★

Now the Germans believe that *they* should decide who ought to be punished as nazis. They would prosecute only those who committed actual crimes, they say. And as evidence of their sincerity in this respect, almost every German with whom one talks is adamant in his conviction that the top nazis, now being tried in Nürnberg, should be summarily executed. "We don't want such an enormous trial, which only costs our own money that we need for other things. We want the Americans to hang the especially guilty ones, the big nazis, who instigated all our misery, and did not finish the war when they should have. We expect the others to be left alone." This is no new concept of "justice" to the German people: hang those against whom you have a grudge without a trial; let the remainder go unpunished. It wasn't so long ago, when General Patton was at the helm in Bavaria, that the key-word for Party members was "essential." Germans attempted to escape the consequences of their political behavior under the dodge of "essentiality." The new adjective is "small." "But I was just a small nazi. I had to be a nazi, because I was a minor public official. Now those who were incompetent and those who were too crafty to join the Party hold all the jobs."

Recently, there is indication that American policy will distinguish between "large" and "small" nazis, in the program handed to President Truman by Byron Price. This urges that de-nazification be slowed, especially for those former Party members who now hold minor jobs in industry.

For the reconstruction of the Reich on a superficial plane this is an excellent idea. But weakening the de-nazification program a little now—which is the same as saying that all barriers will drop progressively, until only the outstanding nazi political and industrial leaders go unpunished—is to assure the average German of his correctness when he says that he is too "small" to be responsible for the acts of his leaders.

He already feels that Americans cannot understand the Germans because "You have always lived in a democratic country." But what makes a country democratic, except the people in it? This is the age-old dodge of the German people—to disclaim responsibility for their acts on the basis that their leaders led them to the atrocities committed in their names, and there was no choice for the people, except to heel the results.

I talked at some length to a Bavarian journalist working for one of the twenty-odd civilian-operated newspapers which MG has licensed in the American zone. He summarized the feelings which the Germans hold for the Americans by saying, "They do not hate you, but they do not love you either." "Loving" us, of course, would have been too much to expect from a people who bemoan occupation as "humiliating. It makes us feel like a second-class people." Even in the tone of their answers, there is always the implied sentiment that we should be careful in our policies, lest we antagonize a people who might some day be our Allies. There is the feeling that these people, in their present unconstructive frame of mind, and still retaining the psychological remnants of Hitler's visions of greatness, would be happy to follow another führer, several decades in the future. One very intelligent woman confided, "We are a warlike people. I hope I never live to see the day, but I think Germany will fight again, and I think most Germans feel this way too."

"Love" us! This is impossible! And it would be undesirable if the Germans did. The journalist with whom I talked clearly realized that it would be preferable if the people held more hatred for us. He thought the Germans bowed too easily. He found that they were following the historic pattern of *ja-ing* their latest conqueror. "You Americans," he said, "must make it unprofitable for the Germans to bow. Unless you can do this, there can be no guarantee of a democratic Germany." It happened that he, like most Germans, believed that the burden of re-education fell upon the Americans. His elaboration indicated that he was referring to such things as soldiers eating their own chocolate bars. He also felt that our de-nazification policy had acted unfairly on those Germans holding small positions. I asked him whether this was not the key to our policy of "teaching the Germans that it was unprofitable to bow." He finally admitted that it might be so, but claimed that he was thinking "more of getting at the German's soul." What exactly this was, he was not prepared to say.

Mysticism and confusion were here, and, even from a writer who claimed that he had been "liberated" by the Allies, there was the fundamental desire to insulate the average German from the crimes which his country had committed. And what is this, except re-creating a class of "leaders" and a class of "followers" to pave the way for another Bismarck, another Kaiser, another Führer? If the de-nazification program has its fault, it is that the people who lose their jobs are not effectively informed of their complicity in the Party's crimes.

Reconstruction for Germany is more than food, shelter, clothing, the operations of railroads, the

paving of highways, more than the decisions on how much industry shall remain to the Reich, what its exports, and what its reparations shall be. It is even more than offering Germany the entering wedge to the freedoms of speech, of press, of congregation and worship. The basic problem is that of making Germans eager to use these things. It is to teach the people not to bow.

This requires a long occupation, but also an occupation with an over-all plan for re-education.

## Fight for Health

A. E. TYLER

WHEN the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor, an important part of their hope for conquest was that disease and epidemic would render thousands in the United States unable to carry the burdens of war. The hope was a reasonable one, for by the very act of war Japan had cut off our entire supply of a colorless, clammy, uninteresting-looking, gelatinous substance called agar. Of this pale gelatine very few people had ever heard, and almost no one outside of scientific laboratories and a few industries had ever seen it in the raw state. But it was our first line of defense on the health front. Depriving us of it, the Japanese had every reason to hope that thousands of American citizens would die of disease, public water supplies would become unfit for drinking purposes, and medical research and treatment would be terribly handicapped. That the Japanese hopes did not materialize in mounting death tolls for our civilians and fighting men is due largely to the efforts of Dr. George Sperti of the Institutum Divi Thomae and those who worked with him.

Agar is a do-nothing sort of substance and in this very quality of laziness and chemical inactivity lies its value. Because it is not readily changed, it is the best substance known for growing bacteria in test tubes so that their identity and habits may be learned. It is essential to some of the most accurate methods of diagnosis used by medical science. Scarlet fever, typhoid, gonorrhea and streptococcus infections are all diagnosed quickly with the use of agar. It is essential, too, in making vaccines to protect men against bubonic plague and cholera.

In addition to making the work of our modern hospitals and medical research laboratories possible, in addition to furthering the preparation of vaccines against disease and plagues, the humble agar stood guard over our public water supply systems. At stated intervals in every public water supply system in the United States tests were made with agar to determine the bacteria present in the drinking water.

Because Japanese labor was so cheap Japan

had a virtual monopoly on the production of agar before the war.

But American science was not to let things remain that way. With parent laboratories in Cincinnati, the Marine Biological Research Laboratories in Palm Beach, and associated laboratories in many hospitals and colleges throughout the country, the Institutum Divi Thomae was well fitted for the task given it by its director. Agar is produced by the Japanese from a sea weed, *Gelidium Amansii*. Dr. Sperti's first task was to find domestic sources of this sea weed or of some other form of plant life from which agar could be produced. Dr. Sperti gathered a force of specialists: plant physiologists, algologists, oceanographers, geobotanists, pharmacologists, biochemists, and other experts.

This staff once assembled, a "floating laboratory" was equipped and put to work in their charge. This floating laboratory, the research ship *Aquina*, went treasure hunting off the Florida coast and this treasure hunt was like looking for the proverbial needle in the hay stack. The particular hay stack was made up of the thousands of different types of sea weed abounding off the Florida shores.

The research ship *Aquina* was truly a "floating laboratory" capable of carrying on research operations hundreds of miles from the American coast. In addition to the completely equipped laboratory near the stern of this seventy-eight-foot vessel, there are living facilities for the crew and the scientific experts and their helpers. Special dredges at the stern of the *Aquina* search the sea floor and bring up its secrets to be studied by the scientists. Small power skiffs are available for errands of investigation in waters too shallow for the mother ship to navigate. Hardy divers and their gear explored the ocean floor in areas too deep or too rock-strewn for the dredges to work successfully.

Several hundred types of sea weed were wrested from the bottom of the sea and subjected to exhaustive tests. At least ten species were discovered which yield agar. Two of them are said to produce an agar superior to any type previously in general production. It was not all easy work, or even safe work. During much of the time the *Aquina* operated off the Florida coast, German submarines operated there, too. There were storms which made carrying on the laboratory investigations aboard the *Aquina* extremely difficult.

The divers intent on their underwater searches were frequently confronted with the various menaces of the sea: sharp coral tearing a man's leg or arm leaves an ugly wound that is subject to infection in tropical waters. Giant stingrays and barracuda, the tiger of the sea, constantly hugged the same waters as the divers. No sensible diver

would challenge one of these formidable denizens of the deep. Said one experienced underwater man, "What do you do when one of those things comes at you? Brother, you just keep as still as a chunk of coral—and wish you were one—and you pray he will go away."

But in spite of the problems and the perils the goal was finally achieved. Two of the ten species of agar-yielding weed were found which grew off our coast in sufficient quantity to make their harvest and processing practicable. Based on the *Aquina's* discoveries, a new industry was set up in Florida for the production of agar from a type of sea weed known as *Gracilaria*; and the American Agar and Chemical Company of San Diego, America's largest producer, began processing *Gelidium Cartilagenium* for a yield of 200,000 pounds of the gel annually. (Before the war we imported 600,000 pounds each year from Japan.)

With careful conservation of Japanese agar stocks and production from these new domestic sources we were able to meet our own essential requirements and to assist our allies through lend-lease shipments.

Complete control of agar by the War Production Board was relaxed on August 1, 1944. But, under terms of an agreement with the producing firms, hospitals and bacteriological laboratories have first claim on available supplies—their requirements run about 100,000 pounds per year. The surplus can now find its way into commercial channels.

Agar is a versatile substance, in spite of its doing nothing characteristics, and will turn up in your ice cream, cheese, bakery products; in the sizing of paper and textiles; as a base for photographic film; in the gelatinous rolls of hectograph duplicators; in leather dressing, calcimine, and shoe dyes; in the mold the dentist makes of your gums when he is equipping you with a new set of teeth; in nicotine sprays to keep the insects from devouring your roses; as a greaseless base for hand lotions and shaving creams. It is even used as a base for a graphite lubricant employed by Westinghouse in the hot drawing of tungsten wire for filaments in electric light globes. For heroic service in preventing the catastrophe which confronted us had our supplies of agar failed, the nation owes a great debt of gratitude to Dr. George Sperti and the Institutum Divi Thomae.

## The Stage & Screen

### *Antigone*

**K**ATHARINE CORNELL'S presentation of Lewis Galantiere's adaptation of Jean Anouilh's adaptation of Sophocles's tragedy is rather more interesting intel-

lectually, I think, than as an experience in the theater. And because of its various mutations, it is difficult to trace and measure. A program note by Mr. Galantiere gives something of the history of the French version. Mr. Anouilh's piece opened in Paris in 1943 and is still, I believe, playing. Mr. Galantiere especially remarks the extreme exercise in ambiguity necessary to any writer at that time in order to be able to place his work before an audience divided among conquerors and patriots. Both official Germans and embattled Frenchmen must be soothed by his conversion of the classical conflict and evidently, although it seems difficult to imagine, Mr. Anouilh thoroughly succeeded on both sides. If this present offering were merely a straight translation from the French, it seems to me our gradual historical knowledge of the state of France during the hidden years would lend a kind of political *pique* to the business, an added curiosity in the symbols and anachronisms employed. However, Mr. Galantiere frankly states that his play is not the French one; that for us, while nothing has been detracted from the force of the arguments of the dictator, Creon, something new (*Latakia?*) has necessarily been added to the conceptions of Antigone herself, Haemon (her lover and Creon's son), and Chorus. And I wish I knew in what this addition consisted, as it is precisely with these characters that the business sags and that the embarrassing descent from grandeur to pathos to most woolly bathos at the Cort begins. It is as though the farthest anachronism employed concerned not the stage people—the Brooklyn Guards, Fascist Boss, Christian Chorus, Elizabethan Nurse—but rather the spectators, ourselves. Of us is required not the arguable "pity and terror," but rather pity *for* terror, and sequentially pity *for* pity, and for self-pity at that. This Antigone is neither grand nor conscious; she is a dark strange strained girl, careless of fashion arriving at parties in wallflower gear, but with something about her rare and fine. The fate of her dog "Puff" (not "Flush") weighs on her mind, the fate of her loving, hobbling, coffee-making old Nurse. In the meantime, everyone is hurting her in the ante-room. "Why did you hurt me," she cries, "out there?" If she had been given a slogan, it would be "Kill me, kill me, let me live!"

Esthetically this so-called humanizing of the heroine is misjudged, I think. One becomes more than impatient with such maudlinity and since it is this same heroine who is supposed to oppose, spiritually and morally, the articulate fascist, the plan shows very thin. Actually, the whole process should be called a *de-humanizing* one, and it is symptomatic of a good many of the characters cooked by the machine artists as well as the novelists. Perhaps in contrast to the known discipline and efficiency of the enemy, a new kind of hero (heroine) has begun to appear on the screen and over the air, the Mouse-Hero. The Mouse-Hero ticks from the heart, of course, and his motivation through acts and reels and pages proceeds from blunder to blunder. While his death is naturally inevitable it never serves and almost always it is deferred, for our comfort. In the meantime, he is little, he is liberal, he is democratic. I think he is supposed to be you and

me, and maybe he is, but as protagonist of a tragedy where death is always a resolution, or as symbol for four-quarters of the known world where death has so lately been not only a daily fact but a weapon—to be effected and endured as usefully as possible—I think he's a dream-scheme. Indeed, one cannot imagine who his audience is. Unless, of course, it should be the other Mice: all American.

In the teeth of tedium, there are extensions employed by the combined authors of the play which are too theatrically important not to be set down. There are, for example, no intermissions. There are no first entrances. As the curtain rises, all the characters, including those mentioned as well as appearing, are placed about the stage and when adequately described by Chorus, these exit severally and in different directions. This is exciting, I think. The display of the heard-said people as well as the actors naturally extends the possibility (believability) of any exposition, and in this instance is cleverly worked in an enormous time-skip effected about the death of Euridyce. Although this character never enters, she has been presented to us calmly knitting at the rise, so that whatever we hear about her seems plausible, connected with a living, breathing person. The arrangement also increases the omniscience of Chorus who emerges somewhat of a magician rather than commentator, more of a Chinese than Greek device. But nevertheless extremely interesting. It is difficult naturally to know what Mr. Orson Welles and Mr. Philip Barry will make of these esthetic departures but I hope someone serious will lay hold of them and that the money will roll. They are theater stuff.

For performance, I think I saw a second-night poor one. Miss Cornell, in the title rôle, worked manfully but looked worn from it. Cedric Hardwicke in the clear part of Creon was excellent as always; and given the best scene, in this as well as the original-original, Wesley Addy's Haemon was truly moving. The important lighting jerked all over the place. (*At the Cort.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

### Perils of Paulette

FIRST thing she knows, Paulette Goddard is going to find that she is being cast according to type. And then where will she be? In two new films, which were not made at the same time but which are being released now through the inexplicable vagaries of motion picture distribution, Miss Goddard plays a waif who rises one way or the other, and one way in particularly, to a position of some esteem. While both films are costume pictures of outstanding merit in production, neither can be said to be satisfactory from the moral point of view. As these films trace the careers of the two waifs, they are careful to include several scenes and situations which are called in the venacular, "hot stuff."

"Kitty" tells the story of a guttersnipe who is picked up by a baronet (Ray Milland), a rogue who makes her over into a lady with the help of his gin-drinking aunt (Constance Collier). Paulette Goddard plays the dirty-faced girl with dash and manages also to be convincing when she reaches the pinnacle of her success.

It is in the interim Pygmalion period, however, that Paulette does her best acting, especially during the sequences in which she emulates Miss Collier while that slightly pickled grand dame is teaching her the art of flirtation. Kitty learns her lessons so well, alas, that she practices her wiles on the wrong man (Dennis Hoey) and lands this oaf who has plenty of money, but no position whatsoever. When he catches her one day rifling his strong box to get money for the baronet, he is conveniently killed by a maid. Although pregnant, Kitty rushes into marriage with a duke (Reginald Owen), a doddering old fool who has been ogling her for some time. When she has her child, the Duke thinks that he is the father and promptly dies of elation. This leaves Kitty a lady of great wealth; so she settles for an earl (Patric Knowles) until the last five minutes of play when she switches back to the baronet with whom she has really been in love the whole time. Since the period of this picture is the 1780s and practically all of the characters concerned are thoroughly unscrupulous, one becomes rather objective about the whole thing; if this were a "smellie" (the kind of movie Aldous Huxley predicted in "This Brave New World") one would hold his nose as he watched these unbathed, immoral people go through their paces. The costumes and sets, done by Raoul Péné du Bois, are exceedingly good. Mitchell Leisen's direction tends to be static as if he were more impressed by characters like Gainsborough and the Prince of Wales. The fancy dress clothes and the talky script full of "Pox on it" and "Your most humble servant" (based on Rosamund Marshall's flashy book) than he was in getting action into a moving story. I hardly think that any of the plot's unworthy figures, even with their low standards, will corrupt this generation.

"*The Diary of a Chambermaid*" is much more subtle in its implications, mainly because the production (by Benedict Bogeaus and Burgess Meredith) and the direction (by Jean Renoir) are unusually adult and of first rate calibre. Renoir, who knows his native France well, has caught the spirit of a fast moving satire on a nineteenth century period piece. The script, written by Burgess Meredith with a sound understanding of cinema, is based on a novel by Octave Mirbeau and a derivative play written by various Frenchmen; and the resulting film turns out to be a cross between a grand guignol and a lascivious true-confession story. Paulette Goddard, very pretty and very blonde as the little French chambermaid who has long been mistreated by men ("the beasts!") starts right out by writing in her diary that there'll be no more love for Celestine—unless the man has money. So she proceeds to go to work on her job of scrubbing, washing, maiding, etc., on the Lanlaire estate far out in the country. Like a delectable flower attracting bees, Celestine soon has all the men of the house and the neighborhood on her trail. These include M. Lanlaire himself (Reginald Owen, again), who is a pathetic, henpecked clown; Captain Mauger (Burgess Meredith) the old codger next door who eats roses, teases Lanlaire viciously, and jumps around like an ancient libertine right out of an Offenbach ballet; Joseph (Francis

Lederer) the dour, sadistic valet who would use people as cruelly as he kills the geese for dinner, and who, in fact, finally commits murder to get money for himself and Celestine with whom he is running away; and, most important, the young consumptive son of the house (Burd Hatfield), a cynic who spends most of the time lying around reading poetry and hating his mother. He probably has cause because Mme. Lanlaire (played with her usual perfection by Judith Anderson) is an icy matriarch who dominates the house and has some kind of an underhanded deal on with the valet. These people sound pretty awful; and they really are. The strange thing is that Renoir and his fine cast have succeeded in making "The Diary" amusing and revolting at the same time. Seldom is a Hollywood production, particularly a good one like this, so thoroughly unhollywood. Not one of the characters is sympathetically drawn, not even Celestine who agrees to run off with the villainous valet—although she finally chooses the coughing poet after Joseph is killed in a Bastille Day celebration that hits a new high for riotous mob scenes and violence. I don't think this film will start a new cycle in Hollywood; its popularity is obviously limited. The best one can say for it is that it's a triumph in film making. One still wonders, however, why it was made at all.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

## Ciano's Diary

JAMES MacGREGOR BYRNE

THE DEGREE of impatience with which one awaits the solution of an incompleting cross-word puzzle varies in proportion to the time and effort one has expended on it. Sometimes the fewer the words missing, the keener one's curiosity. Ever since Axis intervention in Spain, and until the tide turned against it in the middle of the World War, daily speculation on the motives and ultimate intentions of the Axis dictators has been for many of us a giant cross-word puzzle of crucial and transcendent significance to which, although subsequent events have given us the main key, there still remain many missing parts. It was therefore with a feeling of tremendous curiosity and expectation that one greeted the publication of the secret diary\* of Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law and Foreign Minister from 1936 to 1943, for at last it seemed as if the full solution was at hand. Sumner Welles describes it as "one of the most valuable historical documents of our times." Readers will certainly not be disappointed in the book, but rather than solve a puzzle it seems to raise a new one.

What strikes one at first is the extraordinary degree of unconscious subservience to the Duce which the author displays in his manner of reporting only the Duce's opinion on every question and never his own. He shows no moral compunctions whatever concerning Italian military intervention in Spain and in Albania, nor in Italian divisive tactics in Croatia. Reading further one

\* The Ciano Diaries, 1939-1943. Edited by Hugh L. Gibson. Doubleday. \$4.00.

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senses irony in his ostensibly factual reporting of the Duce's remarks, and after war breaks out between Germany and the Allies and the danger of Italy's being drawn in becomes more acute, he begins to express flat disagreement with the Duce's views and to evince partiality and respect for the democracies. On December 31, 1939, he writes:

If necessary, I acquiesce in war against Germany but not in her company. This is my point of view. Mussolini's is exactly the opposite. He would never have war against Germany and when we are ready, he would fight on the side of Germany against the democracies, who, to my way of looking at it, are the only countries with which one can deal seriously and honestly.

Continuing, one finds that one is enjoying oneself tremendously: everything is just as one expected; all one's guesses in the puzzle prove correct. Jack Oakie in "The Great Dictator" was never as ridiculous as the irresponsible, vain, blustering, idiotic Mussolini that Ciano paints for us—e.g., the Duce's pathetically belated discovery on July 7, 1941, that "the Germans insist upon the loyalty of others, but they themselves are incapable of being loyal"; his continuous blaming of the Italian people for all his failures: "The Italian race is a race of sheep," etc.; the repeated examples of his childish hatred of religion and the Church, as for instance on December 22, 1941: "Mussolini has again attacked Christmas. He is surprised that the Germans have not yet abolished this holiday 'which reminds one only of the birth of a Jew who gave to the world debilitating and devitalizing theories, and who especially contrived to trick Italy, through the disintegrating power of the Popes.' He has prohibited newspapers from mentioning Christmas, yet all you have to do is to look out of the window to see that the people remember it and love it just the same."

Half way through one begins to suspect and, with the completion of the book, one is able to confirm two remarkable facts about this book.

(1) Ciano makes no disparaging remarks whatever with respect to the character or conduct of the peoples of the nations at war with his, or of their leaders. On the contrary, the book contains remarks complimentary to Churchill, Chamberlain, the American and British ambassadors, and to the American, British, French, Abyssinian, Norwegian and even the Russian peoples.

(2) In contrast with the above, both the leaders and the populations of the Axis powers all come in for a vast amount of contempt and ridicule. On only two or three occasions in the whole book does he express either admiration or affection for Mussolini, or describe him in an even moderately favorable light. Hitler comes off only slightly better. Ciano professes occasional respect for his diplomatic cunning and for his "deep understanding of military matters," but by far the greater space is given over to depicting the absurdities of his character.

Let us look at some examples. Of the German people on May 1, 1942, he has this to say:

British aviation is striking hard. Rostock and Lübeck have been literally razed to the ground. . . . The Germans

react and strike back at the English cities, but with less violence, which only partly consoles the German population, accustomed as it always has been to dish it out but never to take it. Which leads many of them, who have devastated half of Europe, to weep about the "brutality of the English" who make many innocent Prussian families homeless. The worst of it is that they really feel this way.

And on December 19, 1942, he speaks of them and his ally Laval thus (with the result that he indirectly compliments the French):

Altogether Laval is . . . the filthiest of all Frenchmen. To get into the good graces of the German bosses, he doesn't hesitate to betray his own compatriots and defame his own unhappy country . . . still how the Germans feel the charm of the French, even of this Frenchman! Except for Hitler, all the others were milling around trying to talk to him or to get close to him; it looked like the entrance of the great fallen lord in a circle of new rich bastards.

April 15, 1942:

One thing is certain, Laval does not represent France and if the Germans think they can conquer French hearts through him, they are mistaken, very much mistaken again.

Of Hitler, he asks himself on April 2, 1940:

Is it so certain that Hitler who has never kept his word to anyone will keep it to us?

As mentioned above, the book is full of remarks humiliating to the Italian people. And why would one bother to insert in one's secret diary the following two examples of one's countrymen's duplicity?

May 19, 1942. The English would like to send some hospital ships to Malta. Our navy is favorable in principle, but the Germans are against it. The Duce decides against it "especially because his [sic] experience has taught him the many things it is possible to hide in hospital ships. . . . Last winter we were able to deliver some timely supplies of gasoline to Bengasi by making use of our White Ships" [ships of the Italian Red Cross].

August 13, 1940. Four agents of our Military Information Service [S.I.M.] were surprised this evening in the Jugoslav legation. We must encourage the rumor that they were only common burglars.

Of Japanese modesty and loyalty, he writes on May 23, 1942:

The Duce telephoned indignantly charging that the Japanese ambassador Shiratori made certain statements which are not acceptable; the dominion of the world belongs to Japan. The Mikado is the only God on earth and that both Mussolini and Hitler must become resigned to this reality.

On the other hand he praises the character and manners of the only three American officials with which he comes in contact (Welles, Phillips, and our Chargé d' Affaires) and on May 21, 1942, speaks respectfully of the American people's determination, and of their attitude toward Italy.

Of the only two Italian generals for whom he has any respect, he mentions that one of them, Carboni, had an American mother.

British character, he also seems to admire. On May 10, 1940, speaking of the British ambassador Percy Lorraine, he says:

With an emphasis that is startling in such a phlegmatic and courteous gentleman, he asserts that Germany will be destroyed. For a moment, all the determination of his race comes into his eyes and words.

This kind of a remark about the British "race" is repeated on several occasions. Speaking of the treatment of the Italians captured in Abyssinia, he praises both the British and the Abyssinians.

July 7, 1942. In general the British have been fair as well as the Abyssinians. . . . It seems that the Negus has taken strong measures to protect the life and property of the Italians. . . .

So too he expresses admiration for Churchill and affection and moral respect for Chamberlain.

Of the resistance of the Norwegians to the nazis, he says on April 9, 1940 that it will "show that there are still people who know how to fight in defense of human dignity."

On September 27, 1942, he even compliments the Russian people:

. . . the Stalingrad resistance . . . makes clear to the minds of the masses the great attachment of the Russian people to the régime—a thing proved by the exceptional resistance and the spirit of self-sacrifice.

Of course, nothing is proved merely by citing a few passages such as the above. The important thing to note is that they are typical. Nowhere in the book is there any remark that might hurt the feelings of any sector of the British or American people. There is no anti-Catholicism (barring of course Mussolini's absurd ravings) no anti-Semitism; no accusations of bad faith of any kind on our part, whereas our enemies are pictured as incompetent, deceitful, cowardly and cruel. In short it is all music to our ears. Is it any wonder then that it is already the nation's second best seller among non-fiction works? For a political work to be popular, it must avoid philosophical speculation and excessive technical details. Its style should be racy, its substance gossipy and peppered with witty anecdotes. Its opinions should be in accord with those of its prospective readers. In these respects, Ciano's Diary seems almost made to order for the American and British public (which constitute the world's greatest book market). Perhaps Ciano wanted to write a best seller? The answer is found in the last entry in the diary where Ciano himself denies that his "hasty notes" had been intended for publication, but were rather to be used as "raw material" for an autobiography.

At first glance, one might ask oneself why did Ciano not resign as Foreign Minister if he was so opposed to the policy his Chief was following. I think this is explicable partly on the ground that Ciano was still very young and vain, and loth to abandon the dignity and privileges of high office, and partly on the ground that he cherished a hope that if the opportunity should ever come for negotiating a separate peace, as Foreign Minister he might be of great service to his country.

However, once he had determined to continue at his post while his country was at war, I cannot help feeling that in the very nature of things, something would have happened which would have helped him to rationalize his position and at least partly to justify making war on Britain. After all Ciano was brought up as a fascist. His father, for whom he had an almost worshipful admiration as evidenced by numerous passages in the book, was one of the founders of fascism. Surely his hatred for the Germans could not be so great as to cause him to forget in the privacy of his diary all of Italy's long-standing grievances against England and France. Moreover, resentment in Italy against France for the manner in which she acquired Tunis and against Britain for her policies in the Mediterranean has never been confined to fascists.

Furthermore if hatred of Germany caused him to draw closer to the Allies, would it not have made him draw closer to his own people and country too? For recognition of Italian bravery, rather than to Ciano one must turn to Churchill who in a speech to a secret session of the House of Commons on April 23, 1942 (see *Life*, January 28, 1946) remarked on the "extraordinary courage and ingenuity" shown by half a dozen of Italians who, "in unusual diving suits, penetrated Alexandria harbor and succeeded in disabling for many months two British battleships." One notes with surprise that in the whole book there is a singular absence of any signs of grief over the loss of friends or countrymen. Instead toward national calamities he indulges in cynical witti-

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cisms tinged with scorn. For instance on December 13, 1941 he writes "The usual naval woes. Tonight we have lost two 5,000 ton cruisers. . . . The fact is that our naval losses become more serious every day and I wonder whether the war won't outlast our Navy." The loss of Italian lives is hardly a fit subject for an Italian to treat frivolously, especially an Italian who felt losses in his own family as deeply as Ciano apparently does.

The diary itself is quite patently a political record pure and simple. It contains nothing of a personal nature except insofar as it may contribute to an understanding of the European political picture. The only exceptions to this are (1) a number of pages expressing grief over the death of his father, in which he apostrophizes him in highly sentimental terms. (2) A similar but less lengthy lamentation upon the death of his sister. (3) Another upon the death of a person who presumably was his old nurse. And (4) three lines about his daughter's First Communion. They are all touching in their way, but in my opinion wholly out of place in a diary in which non-political personal activities, even his military experiences as commander of a bomber squadron, are rigorously excluded.

Freudians might look upon the mention of these four incidents involving his father, sister, nurse and daughter to the exclusion of all other purely personal events as a badge of authenticity. Perhaps so. However it also serves admirably to humanize the chief protagonist and give a little moral weight to his pronouncements.

The reader will ask "Are we then to suspect that this diary is a forgery?" Certainly the entire work could not be a forgery, for there are too many details on which a fabricator would be sure to trip up. However, but for the assurance given us in the introduction by Mr. Sumner Welles, who presumably has had the opportunity to examine the photographs of the original, that "there is no question of its authenticity," it seems to me one would have good grounds to suspect that this version of the diary, although undoubtedly based on the original, rather than the "complete and unabridged" version as advertised on the jacket, is an incomplete and "doctored" one.

Who would have "doctored" it and for what purpose? Could a "good" democrat have prepared it in the belief that it would serve to teach mankind the evils of fascism? A political motive for altering it does not seem probable. The document contains an exposé of the evils of dictatorship and reveals a general sympathy for the Allied cause, but as a whole there is no political "line," no no beating of the tom-toms for the Four Freedoms or for any other of the glories of democracy.

No, the only logical motive is the commercial one, the desire to bring out a best seller.

Mr. Hugh Gibson in an editor's note tells of the manner in which the diaries were preserved for posterity. Edda Mussolini, Ciano's wife, disguised as a peasant woman crossed the Swiss frontier with the diaries concealed in her skirts and received "special consideration" from the authorities "because of what appeared to be her delicate condition." (This particular story has been good for a laugh since "Lysistrata" and no doubt long before).

A Chicago *Daily News* reporter, after several weeks of negotiation, obtained the publication rights from Edda and her consent to his making a microfilm copy from which the present translation was made. One wonders why Edda herself did not have it microfilmed before setting out on her *hegira*. If she had given copies to several people, there would have been less danger of the diary being forever lost and it would have been easier for her to have concealed them on her own person—but perhaps then she would not have received either the "special consideration" from the Swiss frontier guards, or the even more desirable kind of "consideration" from the Chicago *Daily News*.

Could Edda then have altered the diaries? No, for various reasons it does not seem likely. But why speculate? The diaries must be genuine. It would have been too easy a matter to uncover any fraud. The handwriting, or the quality of the ink, or paper, or something would not have stood up on examination.

What are we then to conclude? Nothing. Merely that truth is stranger than fiction; that Ciano's psychology is apparently unlike that of any person we have ever read or known about. On the other hand, to some he may perhaps seem less of an anomaly than to me.

## The Labor Movement Correction

A SLOPPY MISTAKE was made in this column two weeks ago when General Motors was included in the capital goods field. Although GM makes trucks, motors and parts for other producers, most of its product falls in the durable consumer goods department.

## A Sad Story

ONCE upon a time there was a Local Union. It had been captured by some wicked racketeers, but the ACTU (Association of Catholic Trade Unionists) came in and rescued it out of their hands.

It was a good Little Local. Its leaders were honest, progressive men and women who worked hard and did a good job for the Membership. They looked upon themselves not as the masters but as the servants of the workers who elected them. And these workers, incidentally, had been cruelly exploited by their employers and needed such leadership badly.

Unfortunately, as will happen in the best of unions, the leaders make some mistakes. The worst mistake they made was to trust the words of the lying opportunists who controlled the International to which they belonged. They should have insisted on getting it in writing.

As a result the lying opportunists expelled the Local from the International and handed over its Membership to another local which happened to be run by communists. Naturally our local leaders fought back. They immediately affiliated, with the approval of the Membership, with another International (call it International B), which had been recommended to them as being under the control of honest, progressive anti-communists.

The Little Local was in desperate need of money and manpower. Its dues had been tied up and its contracts cancelled by the employers, who were of course enjoying the situation immensely. Also the communists were pouring in money like water, flooding the field with organizers, using lies, threats, violence and character-assassinations with abandon in a typical all-out commie drive to take over the local Membership.

The leaders of International B were old hands in the labor movement. They knew that the situation called for immediate action, full support in men and money. And yet for weeks they did nothing. They seemed to be paralyzed by dissension and jealousy among themselves, paralyzed too by the spirit of Don't-Stick-Your-Neck-Out-Brother-You-Might-Get-Your-Fingers-Burnt.

Then a little money began to trickle through in answer to the desperate appeals of the local leaders, at least enough to pay their salaries. They gathered their forces and decided to risk everything on a strike.

This was another mistake. They should have waited for elections, 98 per cent of which they would undoubtedly have won. But then it is easy to be wise when all the water is under the bridge.

The strike was called. It was wintertime. The Membership was badly confused about the issues, and of course the communists, seeing their opportunity, stopped at nothing to break the strike. And the honest, progressive anti-communists who headed International B, did nothing, or almost nothing, to help the poor struggling Little Local. To its pathetic cries for help they turned a deaf ear. After a while it even became impossible to reach them on the telephone.

The poor Little Local had nowhere to turn. The ACTU wanted to help, but simply did not have the money or the manpower. A few strangers, however, did offer their assistance, or bought coffee for the pickets—little things like that. And who do you think, children, that these strangers were? They were communists. They were communists who just happened to see the pickets on the street, and not knowing the issues involved, offered their services out of sympathy for workers on strike.

And where do you think the Catholics were, children, and what do you think they were doing? Well, there were some among the lying opportunists of International A. And there were others among the fearful, fumbling progressives in International B. And of course there were a great many among the strangers who passed on the street and in whose hearts and minds the sight of pickets aroused no feeling of sympathy or compassion. Who gave them no coffee to warm them in the winter's cold. Who make no offers of assistance to their leaders.

Eventually, of course, the strike failed. Just before it died the poor Little Local had strength only to surrender to the communists and to arrange for a job for one of its leaders in the communist local. There is no way of knowing whether he became a communist himself or not. Only time can tell. But when last seen he was a bitter man.

Is this not a sad story, children? And the saddest part of it all is that the whole lousy story is true.

JOHN C. CORT.

## More Books of the Week

*Those Other People.* Mary King O'Donnell. Houghton. \$2.00.

THE FIRST impression created by Mrs. O'Donnell's cycloramic novel of New Orleans life is that the author has hit upon an ingenious variation of the slice-of-life technique exploited in the past by John Dos Passos in "Manhattan Transfer" and by Vicki Baum in "Grand Hotel." As day dawns in the Latin Quarter, Leah Webster, forty, frustrated and very likeable, rushes out into the steamy June morning to search for her sailor companion of the night before in the hope of finding both him and happiness. No sooner is Leah dispatched on the day's journey than there follow in rapid succession her fellow-wayfarers—Merlin and Marie Webster, restless in their bourgeois securities, the Peraltas, Victor, the sensitive antiquarian, his almost totally physical wife, Maudie, and his aging mother, the Gomez family, the queer Tarantinos and the self-respecting Clarks, who are Negroes. No less than fifty individuals, Anglo-Americans, creoles, Negroes, representing the complex social texture of New Orleans and embodying in their lives most of our universal moral problems, make their exits and their entrances in this little theater of the imagination.

While the novel is constructed according to a sociological pattern, its inspiration lies not in any purposeful thesis but in the significance of life itself. Toward the middle of the book Mrs. O'Donnell confirms this impression, already gained by her warm appreciation of the value of persons, when Leah Webster, her eyes suddenly opened, catches a glimpse "of the intricate, the infinite relatedness of human life on a small planet. How astonishing that anybody should feel himself alone!" If anything, "Those Other People" is an essay in charitable understanding, developed by a montage of photographically exact and artistically expert scenes from everyday life.

Its tenderheartedness is not, however, soft-headed. Treating a wide variety of characters, the author does not neglect the fact that life is sown with the cockles of greed and racial injustice and stubborn pride—and that mediocrity, in the figure of Merlin Webster and his wife, is the lurking kidnapper of joy and freedom. But "Those Other People" concentrates on the hopeful if not the purely amiable elements in character. When Katherine, the esthetically moody wife of the young Tulane instructor, Willis Tuttle, complains that life is all chance and that she feels depressed, her husband answers—"I accept the fact that life is chance up to a certain point. After that, it's up to people. If Thomas Hardy's Collected Poems and their cousins want to pace off the end of a promontory into the sunset, it's their business. I wash my hands of it. I refuse to be sad. So long as men can do something about this world, I'll love it. I refuse to hunt a promontory and moan. . . ."

That is the spirit in which the book concludes its description of twenty-four hours of the interrelated lives of a segment of New Orleans people. Leah finds her lover who was also searching for her, the Gomez child dies accidentally, a Negro boy is beaten by the police, old Mrs. Peralta sinks a little deeper into the overwhelming mercy of God. We grow to love almost everyone of the characters presented—and we learn to live imaginatively in New Orleans—which is to say that "Those Other People"

is an excellent book, especially when contrasted with recent best-sellers. One hopes though that Mrs. D'Donnell, will grow to recognize the intimate relationship between the natural charity which she celebrates and the charity of Christ about which she is obscure. For the only parts of her lively narrative which do not bear the stamp of sincere understanding are those which concern the Church and the meaning of the Church for Catholics.

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY.

*China in the Sun.* Randall Gould. Doubleday. \$3.50.

"CHINA is not mysterious . . . the Chinese aren't mysterious. Both make sense . . . China is being dragged into life-membership in the modern world by forces none of us can dominate; but China has the right, in fact the obligation, to shape her modernism in accordance with Chinese characteristics and traditions."

This is Mr. Gould's thesis. The italics are mine, for emphasis, because he too makes the soundest kind of good sense in stating it, although it is the direct opposite to much that a good many of our policy thinkers honestly believe to be best for China and for ourselves.

We have a right to believe that our "Americanism" and our "American way of life" are good in themselves and best for us. We are under no obligation to believe that they are best for Chinese; we have no right whatever to impose them upon other peoples whose way of life has worked out very well over many tens of centuries. Yet that is precisely what we are doing in all the Far East, while, at the same time, we deny that we do any such thing. That is the spot upon which we can place our

finger with certainty in this matter of incoherence which we all deplore in our American policy.

Mr. Gould is a seasoned newspaper man, an alert reporter of the ephemeral incidents of life during his twenty Asian years. He makes a vivid picture of them but he has also done something which few of his professional colleagues have accomplished: he has grasped the reason why China's emergent new life does fall into perspective against the old orders and why, if we *must* compel all these cultured ancient peoples into "trusteeships" of our own manufacture, we *must* also cooperate with them loyally and intelligently toward understanding both their systems and ours and developing a synthesis of both rather than arbitrarily discarding theirs. Unless that is done no trusteeship of United Nations can possibly be successful. Such a system can only lead to general revolution and rebellion, as is very evident already throughout that area. As one of the major trustees, China is in a peculiarly hazardous position.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

## The Inner Forum

### *The Ukrainian Tragedy*

HIS HOLINESS Pope Pius XII has addressed a letter to the Ruthenian Catholic clergy and people on the occasion of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their reunion with Rome, commiserating with and encouraging them in their present sufferings under the USSR.

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Three hundred and fifty years ago, at Brest-Litovsk in Lithuania, six bishops of the Ukraine and Byelorussia, led by the Metropolitan of Kiev and followed by their flocks, left the communion of the Russian Orthodox Church and united themselves with the Holy See. Political and cultural considerations had a big part in bringing this about, and the reunion was bitterly opposed by some. In 1623 the bishop of Polotsk, Josaphat Kuntsevich, was murdered by a fanatical gang of his opponents; he was canonized as a martyr in 1867, and we Western Catholics keep his feast on November 14 every year.

The people concerned in this reunion were mostly Ukrainians and Byelorussians, who are called for ecclesiastical purposes "Ruthenians." At that time they were under the rule of Poland.

The union, with fluctuations of fortune, subsisted until the partitions of Poland in 1772-95. Then most of the Ruthenians came again under the rule of Russia, whose government put pressure on them to return to the Russian Orthodox Church. Many of them quietly accepted this new state of affairs; they could hardly see the difference—the church services were the same, and that was the main thing for them. But many others resisted; and the tsar had to resort to violence—confiscation, flogging, exile to Siberia—before the resistance was broken. There were no Ruthenian Catholics left in Russia by 1875.

In Galicia, however, it was different. That province had become part of Austria at the partition; and there the Catholic Ruthenians of the Slav-Byzantine rite continued on the whole to flourish. Poland was restored after World War I; and, after a bitter struggle, the Polish government once again extended its authority over Galicia. Eventually the Ruthenian Catholics settled down and, under the leadership of the great archbishop of Lvov, Andrew Szeptycky (who died in 1944) again began to prosper.

In 1939 they numbered over three and a half million souls, divided into three dioceses, with 2,000 pastoral priests (three-quarters of them married, in accordance with Eastern Catholic discipline), thirty monasteries with 700 monks and missionaries and a thousand nuns. The Lvov seminary was one of the biggest in the world, and various cultural, semi-national and other spiritual works inaugurated by Archbishop Szeptycky, were flourishing. All this, it must be clearly understood, was within the framework, not of the Latin Catholicism of the West, but of the Slav-Byzantine tradition. Outside Galicia, Jesuit fathers and others of the Byzantine rite were working among those people whose forebears had been induced into the Russian Church after 1772.

Then came World War II, and history began to repeat itself. Poland was again "partitioned" in the sense that Galicia and the adjoining territories (where there is a very large minority of people Polish by race) were annexed by Russia. This meant that, as well as the Latin Catholic Poles, the Byzantine Catholic Ruthenians (Ukrainians by race) came under the sway of the *ex-professo* anti-religious government of the USSR.

And Soviet imperialism is acting in just the same way in 1946 as Tsarist imperialism did after 1773. Latin Catholics it may tolerate,\* but Byzantine Catholics it will not. For Stalin, as for Catherine II and Alexander I

\* But even this seems unlikely: See THE COMMONWEAL of January 16. The Catholics of Armenian rite there referred to are a small body of a few thousands in and around Lvov.



## If burning ears

mean someone is praising you, Monsignor Ronald Knox's must be causing him some anxiety. His translation of the NEW TESTAMENT (\$3.00) has been called nearly everything good, from "delightful and sometimes breath-taking" (Father LeBuffe) to "an epoch-making event" (*Ecclesiastical Review*). "It removes the last excuse for not reading it" and "to do so will be an unforgettable experience" was not said about this book, oddly enough, but about F. J. Sheed's translation of THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE (\$3.00). But we think it is equally true of either.

Mary Perkins' SPEAKING OF HOW TO PRAY (\$2.75) might have been subtitled "How to be Fully Catholic and Still Get York Work Done"—she writes with such understanding of how Mass, the Liturgy, and the Rosary fit into and complete our worried lives. And whether you love the Rosary or only know you ought to, remember Maisie Ward's THE SPLENDOR OF THE ROSARY (\$2.50). Among much else this has sixteen reproductions of pictures by Fra Angelico and a prayer for each mystery by Caryll Houselander. As *America* said: "It is a happy company here assembled—Our Lady as hostess, Fra Angelico and Chesterton to introduce her to us." Good company indeed and well worth joining.

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# Next Week

**THE PRIESTS AT DACHAU**, by L. de Coninck S.J., is a remarkable Belgian document on the heroism and ingenuity of the priests from many lands who were confined in this notorious concentration camp. It is not an atrocity story but rather an account of the means which they devised to celebrate Mass, say the Office and administer the Sacraments.

**BOSTON'S POLITICAL MORALS**, by Katherine Loughlin, is a courageous comment on the fact that the city which has the highest proportion of Catholics in the United States manifests such an undeveloped sense of political morality. It is written with all loyalty and zeal and raises a question which applies in other cities. Miss Loughlin explains the phenomenon and suggests a bold remedy.

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and Nicholas I, the supranationalism, the catholicity, of Rome must be pushed out of sight; no Christian who worships in the same outward way as the Russian Church (as Ukrainian Catholics do) may acknowledge spiritual leadership outside of Russia—least of all the leadership of the Pope. And so Stalin acts as the tsars did; he sets out to sever the bond between the Catholic Ukrainians and the unifying Holy See, and to aggregate them to "his" national church.

What success is he having? What is happening to the Ruthenian-Ukrainians? It is impossible to say in detail. It seems certain that all their institutions—monasteries, convents, seminaries, schools, libraries, museums—have been dissolved. Their bishops (Archbishop Slipy of Lvov and four others) have been deported to the interior of the USSR. Pressure, by propaganda and otherwise, is put on the people to break their Catholic unity. And the rest is silence.

All this has been going on in the year which marks the three-hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Union of Brest-Litovsk. The year 1595 began a chapter; 1945 ends it—humanly speaking. That is why the Pope has chosen this moment to address a letter to his Ruthenian children in which, after reminding them of the long history of their church, and the benefits it experienced after reunion, he exhorts them to firmness in their present trials.

He remarks that the present Soviet campaign is carried on under the pretext of political considerations, that Catholics are represented as enemies of the state. He deplores the fact that the Patriarch Alexis of Moscow should support this further rending of Christian unity. And he points out that, when freedom of religion is being proclaimed in international assemblies, it is denied in territory ruled by the USSR.

In conclusion the Pope calls on all Catholics for prayer and penance on behalf of their Ruthenian brethren. He sends words of comfort to their imprisoned bishops; he encourages the other clergy; and he calls down the blessing and help of Almighty God on the people that they may have patience under suffering and find increased strength in their faith.

Of the five million or so Slav-Byzantine Catholics in the world, Ukrainians and Rusins, only in North America are there any considerable numbers who enjoy religious freedom. It would seem that for an indefinite time to come the future of Slav-Byzantine Catholicism is in the hands of the flocks of Bishop Bohachevsky and Bishop Takach in the United States and of Bishop Ladyka in Canada. May the spirit of Andrew Szepticky always be with them.

DONALD ATTWATER.

## CONTRIBUTORS

*Dorothy WILLIAMS* has worked for *Time*, the *Washington Post*, and is at present employed by the Mutual Broadcasting System. *William H. JORDY* made a survey of German opinion regarding the American occupation to serve as the basis for a short article in the Southern German edition of *Stars and Stripes*. *A. E. TYLER* sends in his contribution from California. *James M. BYRNE* was for several years associated with the State Department and stationed in Buenos Aires. He is a New York attorney. *Francis X. CONNOLLY* is teaching at Fordham University, New York, N. Y. *William Franklin SANDS* is co-author of "Our Jungle Diplomacy"; he lives in Washington, D. C. *Donald ATTWATER* has made a specialty of the non-Roman rites.